

The History of

Which 1400. yeeres agoe were nail'd,
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse:
But this our purpose is but twelue months old;
And bootelisse 'tisto tell you we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmerland*,
What yesternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding his deare expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart, there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herfordshire*, to fight
Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered:
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shamelesse transformation
By those Welsh-women done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tydings of this broyle
Brake off our businesse for the Holy-land.

West. This match with other like, my Gracious Lord,
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Yong *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euery valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillery,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heare
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,
Vncertane of the issue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse,

Stain'd

Henry the Fourth.

Stain'd with the variations of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seate of ours;
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes,
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balkt in their owne blood, did sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon* plaine: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Douglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honorable spoyle?

A gallant prize? Ha, Cousin, is it not? In sayth it is:

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st mee sinne:
In enay, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne,
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue,
Amongst a Grove, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweetes Fortunes Minion, and her pride,
Whilst I by looking on the prayse of him,
See Ryot and dishonour staine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*, O that it could be prou'd
That some night tripping *Fairy* had exchang'd
In cradle cloathes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his Plantaginet,
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and hee mine:
But let him from my thoughts: What thinke you, Cuz,
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Prisoners,
Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word,
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

West. This is his Vnkles teaching, this is *Worcesters*,
Maluolent to you in all aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your digniry.

King. But I haue sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

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Cousin,